123 Although the wind had died and the clouds given way to a clear, light blue sky, the sea still had heavy rollers. However, instead of breaking over the canoe, they gently lifted it high in the air, then let it slide down the incline. We set out as the first rays of the sun appeared over the horizon and soon began to feel revived as our clothes began to dry. We stayed fairly close to the shore, close enough so that landmarks could be easily seen. For a while we coasted by the thin white strip of sand along which we 123 had hunted for turtle eggs the afternoon before. The land in back 133 of the beach was low swampland and all that could be seen was a thin line of green foliage. But soon we approached Tubinu Point. Here the beach gave way to a jutting headland and the steep sea- ward cliff was a rainbow of colors where bands of ocherous clays [134] of yellow and red were separated by clear white and topped by a [137] heavy line of dark humus. Tall eucalyptus trees stood right up to the edge of the 75-foot cliff. We stayed well clear of the base, for a short but ragged, rocky reef extended out under the water.

Rounding the point, we came to a small inlet edged with the 123 ever-present tangle of mangrove trees, beyond which was another clean white stretch of sandy beach. About this time the puppy grew restless and started roaming the canoe from stern to bow. Once he had reached the bow he climbed up to the very point and stuck his nose into the wind. As the canoe rose and dipped he would lose his balance and I would grab him and hand him to Agnes. But he would not stay put and soon would again be a live figurehead pointing the way. Finally, Albert said, "Let him go." As was to be expected, the next roller knocked little Tchuwiunga off his perch and into the sea he went. As the canoe passed, Albert leaned over and fished the frightened, struggling puppy out of the water and handed him to Agnes, who began rubbing him down. "Him gotta learn," remarked Albert. "Sea bin teach him more better." Soon Tchuwiunga revived his courage and again ventured forward, but this time instead of standing on the bow, he curled up on the bag of flour and slept soundly until we reached our destination. He had indeed learned his lesson well.

The rolling motion, sun, and inactivity had made both Agnes and me drowsy and we were all but asleep when Big Jack woke [261] us with, "Black Joe mob. Him camp Anderaningo." I looked in